## The GREEN PEA PIRATES -

By PETER B. KYNE

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RE-ENTER McGUFFEY.

Synopsis. - Captain Phineas P

Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from

meas boy on a river steamer, risen

Maggie. Since each annual in-spection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some diffi-

had a monkey wrench in one hand and | Marin, but I'm going to run her to a greasy rag in the other. Mr. Gibney turned and looked at the

"McGuffey, for a thousand!" he bellowed, and ran forward with outstretched hand. Captain Scraggs was at Gibney's heels, and between them they came very nearly dislocating Bartholomew McGuffey's arm.

"McGuffey, my dear boy," said Captain Scraggs. "Whatever are you a-doin' on this heathen battleship?"

"Me!" ejaculated Mr. McGuffey, with his old-time deliberation. "Why, I'm the chief engineer of this craft. I had a good job, too, but I guess it's all off now, and the Mexican government'll fire me. Say, who chucked that buckshot down into my engine room?"

"Admiral Gibney did it," said Scraggs. "The old Maggie's alongside and me and Gib's filibusters. Bear a hand. Mac, and help us clap the hatches on our prisoners."

"Thank God," said Mr. Gibney plously, "I didn't kill you. Come to look into the matter, I didn't kill anybody, though I see half a dozen Mexicans around decks more or less cut up. Where you been all these years, Mac?"

"I been chief engineer in the Mexican navy," replied McGuffey. "Have you captured us in the name of the United States or what?"

"We've captured you in the name of Adelbert P. Gibney," was the reply, "I been huntin' all my life for a ship of my own, and now I've got her. Lord, Mac, she's a beauty, ain't she? All bardwood finish, teak rail, well found, and just the ticket for the Island trade. Well, well! I'm Captain Glbney at last."

"Where do I come in, Gib?" asked Captain Scraggs modestly.

"Well, seein' as the Maggie has two holes through her hull below the waterline, and is generally nicked to pieces, you might quit askin' questions and get back aboard and put the pumps on her. You're lucky if she don't sink on you before we get to Descanso bay. If she sinks, don't worry. I'll give you a job as my first mate. Mac, you're my engineer, but not at no fancy Mexican price. I'll pay you the union scale and not a blasted cent more or less. Is that fair?"

McGuffey said it was, and went below to tune up his engine. Mr. Gibney took the wheel of the gunbeat, and sent Captain Scraggs back aboard the Maggie, and in a few minutes both vessels were bowling along toward Descanso bay. They were off the bay at midnight, and while with Mr. Gibney in command of the federal gunboat Captain Scraggs had nothing to fear, the rapid rise of water in the hold of the Maggie was sadly disconcerting. About daylight he made up his mind that she would sink within two hours, and without pausing to whine over his predicament, he promptly beached her. She drove far up the beach, with the slack water breaking around her scarred stern, and when the tide ebbed she lay high and dry. And the rebel soldiers came trooping down from the Megano rancho and falling upon her carcass like so many ants, quickly distributed her cargo amongst them, and disap-

Captain Scraggs sent his crew out aboard the captured gunboat to assist Mr. Gibney in rowing his prisoners ashore, and when finally he stood alone beside the wreck of the brave old Maggie, piled up at last in the port of missing ships, something snapped within his breast and the big tears rolled in quick succession down his sun-tanned cheeks. The old hulk looked peculiarly pathetic as she lay there, listed over on her beam ends. She had served him well, but she had finished her last voyage, and with some vague idea of saving her old bones from vandal hands, Captain Scraggs, sobbing audibly, scattered the contents of half a dozen cans of kerosene over her decks and in the cabin, lighted fires in three different sections of the wreck, and left her to the consuming flames. Half an hour later he stood on the battered decks of the gunboat beside Gibney and McGuffey and watched the dense clouds of smoke that heralded the passing of the Mag-

"She was a good old hulk," said Mr. Gibney. "And now, as the special envoy of the Liberal army of Mexico, here's a draft on Los Angeles for five thousand bucks, Scraggsy, which constitutes the balance due you on this here filibuster trip. Of course, I needn't remind you. Scraggsy, that you'd never have earned this money if it hadn't been for Adelbert P. Gibney workin' his imagination overtime. I've made you a chunk of money, and while I couldn't save your ship, I did save your life. As a reward for all this, I don't claim one cent of the money due you, as I could if I wanted to be rotten mean. I'm goin' to keep this fine little power schooner for my share of the loot. She's nicked up some, but that only bears evidence to what a bully good shot I am, and it won't take much to fix her up all shipshape again. Usin' high bursts shrapnel ain't very destructive. All them bumps an' scratches can be planed down. But we'll have to do some mendin' on her canvas-I'll tell with a hundred an' fifty dollars an'

Panama and change her name, She'll be known as Maggie II, out of respect for the old girl that's burnin' up there on the beach."

Author of -

WEBSTER-MAN'S

MAN,"

"THE VALLEY

of the

GIANTS,"

Etc.

Captain Scraggs was so touched at this delicate little tribute that he turned away and burst into tears.

"Aw, shut up, Scraggsy, old hunks." said McGuffey consolingly. "You ain't got nothin' to cry about. You're a rich man. Look at me, I aln't a-bawlin', am I? And I don't get so much as a bean out of this mix-up, all on account of me bein' tied up with a lot of bounds that quits fightin' before they're half licked."

"That's so," said Captain Scraggs, wiping his eyes with his grimy fists. "I declare you're out in the cold, Mc-Guffey, and it ain't right. Gib, my boy, us three has had some stirrin' times together and we've had our differences, but I ain't a-goin' to think of them past griefs. The sight o' you, single-handed, meetis' and annihilatin' the pride of the Mexican navy, calm in th' moment o' despair, generous in victory and delicate as blazes to a fallen shipmate, goin' to work an' namin' your vessel after him that way, is somethin' that wipes away all sorrer and welds a friendship that's bound to endoor till death us do part. If McGuffey'd been on our side, we know from past performances that he'd a fit like a tiger, wouldn't you. Mac?" (Here Mr. McGuffey coughed slightly, as much as to say that he would have fought like ten tigers had he only been given the opportunity.)

Captain Scraggs continued: "I should say that a fair valuation of this schooner as she stands is ten thousand dollars. That belongs to Gib. Now I'm willin' to chuck five thousand dollars into the deal, we'll form a close corporation and as a compliment to McGuffey, elect him chief engineer in his own ship and give him, say, a quarter interest in our layout, as a little testimonial to an old friend, tried

"Scraggsy," said Mr. Gibney, "your We've fought, but we'll let that We wipe the slate clean and start in all over again on the Maggie II. and I'm free to state, without fear of contradiction, that in the last embroglio you showed up like four aces and a king with the entire company standin' pat. Scraggsy, you're a hero, and what you propose proves that you're considerable of a singed cat-better'n you look. We'll go freebootin' down on the Gold coast. There's war, red war, breakin' loose down there, and we'll shy in our horseshoe with the strongest side and pry loose a fortune somewhere. I'm for a life of wild adventure, and now that we've got the ship and the funds and the crew, let's go to it. There's a deal of fine liquor in the wardroom, and I suggest that we nominate Phineas Scraggs, late master of the battleship Maggie, now second in command of the Maggie II. to brew a kettle o' hot grog to celebrate our victory. Mac-Scraggsyyour fins. I'm proud of you both.

They shook and as Captain Gibney's eye wandered aloft, First Mate Scraggs and Chief Engineer McGuffey looked

of Respect for the Old Girl That's Burnin' Up There on the Beach."

up also. From the main topmas, of the Maggie II floated a long blue burgee, with white lettering on it, and as it whipped out into the breeze the old familiar name stood out against the noonday sun.

"Good old dishcloth!" murmured Mr. Gibney. "She never comes down." "The Maggle forever!" shricked

Scraggs. "Hooray!" bellowed McGuffey. "An' now. Scraggsy, if you've got all the enthusiasm out of your blood, kick in

Captain Scraggs looked crestfallen, but produced the money.

CHAPTER X.

"Well, Scraggsy, old hunks, this is pleasant, ain't it?" said Mr. Gibney, and spat on the deck of the Maggle II. "Right-o," replied Captain Scraggs

heerily, "though when I was a young feller and first went to sea, it wasn't considered no pleasantry to spit on a nice clean deck. You might cut that out, Gib. It's vulgar."

"Passin' over the fact, Scraggs, that you ain't got no call to jerk me up on sea ettycat, more particular since I'm the master and managin' owner of this here schooner, I'm free to confess, Scraggsy, that your observation does you credit. I just did that to see if you was goin' to take as big an interest in the new Maggie as you did in the old Maggie, and the fact that you object to me expectoratin' on the deck proves to me that you're leavin' behind you all them bay scow tendencies of the green-pea trade. It leads me to believe that you'll rise to high rank and distinction in the Colombian navy. Your fin, Scraggsy. Expectoratin' on the decks is barred, and the Maggie II goes under navy discipline from now on. Am I right?"

"Right as a right whate," said Captain Scraggs. "And now that you've given that old mate of mine the course, and we've temporarily plugged up the holes in this here Mexican gunboat. and everything points to a safe and profitable voyage from now on, suppose you delegate me as a committee of one to brew a scuttle of grog, after which the syndicate holds a mettin' and lays out a course for its future conduct. There's a few questions of rank and privileges that ought to be settled once and for all, so there can't be no come-back."

"The point is well taken and it is so ordered," said Mr. Gibney, who had once held office in Harbor 15, Master and Pilots Association of America, and knew a fragment or two of parliamentary law. "Rustle up the grog, call McGuffey up out of the engine room, and we'll hold the meetin'."

Twenty minutes later Scraggs came on deck to announce the successful concoction of a kettle of whisky punch; whereupon the three adventurers went below and sat down at the cabin table for a conference.

"I move that Gib be appointed president of the syndicate," said Captain Scraggs.

"Second the motion," rumbled Mc-

"The motion's carried," said Mr. Gibney, and banged the table with his horny fist. "The meetin' will please come to order. The chair hereby appoints Phineas Scraggs secretary of the syndicate, to keep a record of this and all future meetin's of the board. I will now entertain propositions of any and all natures, and I invite the members of the board to knock the stopper out of their jaw tackle and go to it."

"I move," said Captain Scraggs, "that B. McGuffey, Esquire, be, and he is hereby appointed, chief engineer of the Maggie II at a salary not to exceed the wage schedule of the Marine Engineers' Association of the Pacific coast, and that he be voted a one-fourth interest in the vessel and all subsequent profits."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Gibney, "and not to hamper the business of the meetin', we'll just consider that motion carried unanimous," B. McGuffey, Esquire, rose, bowed

his thanks, and sat down again, apparently very much confused. It was evident that he had something to say, but was having difficulty framing his thoughts in parliamentary language. "Heave away, Mac," sald Mr. Gib-

"Cast off your lines, McGuffey," chirped Scraggs.

Thus encouraged, McGuffey rose, bowed his thanks once more, moistened his larnyx with a gulp of the punch, and snoke:

"Feller members and brothers of the syndicate: In the management of the deck department of this new craft of ourn, my previous knowledge of the worthy president and the unworthy secretary leads me to believe that there's goin' to be trouble. A ship divided agin herself must surely go on her beam ends. Now, Scraggsy here has been master so long that the juice of authority has sorter soaked into his marrer bones. For twenty years it's been 'Howdy do, Captain Scraggs,' 'Have a drink, Captain Scraggs.' 'Captain Scraggs this an' Captain Scraggs that.' I don't mean no offense, gentlemen, when I state that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. No man that's ever been a master makes a good mate. On the other hand, I realize that Gib here has been a-pantin' and a-bellyachin' all his life to get a ship of his own an' have folks call him 'Captain Gibney.' Now that he's gone an' done it, I say he's entitled to it. But the fact of the whole thing is, Gib's the natural leader of the expedition or whatever it's goin' to be, and he can't have his peace of mind wrecked and his plans disturbed a-chasin' sailors around the deck of the Maggie II. Gib is sorter what the feller calls the power behind the throne. He's too big a figger for the grade of captain. Therefore, I move you, gentlemen, that Adelbert P. Gibney be, and is hereby nominated and appointed to the grade of commodore, in full command and supervision of all of the property of the syndicate. And I also move that Phineas Scraggs be appointed chief navigatin' officer of this packet, to retain his title of captain, and to be obeyed and respected as such by every man aboard with the

note's outlawed, or I'll feed you to the | ent mate'll do the navigatin' while Scraggsy's learnin' the deep sea stuff. "Second the motion," said Captain Scraggs briskly, "McGuffey, your argament does you a heap of credit. It's-it's-dog my cats, McGuffey, h's masterly. It shows a keen appreciation of an old skipper's feelin's, and If the move is agreeable to Gab, I'm willin' to hail him as commodore and fight to mainfain his office. 1-1 dunno, Gib, what I'd do if I didn't have a mate to order around,"

> "Gentlemen," said Mr. Gibney, beaming, "the motion's carried unanimous. Captain-chief-your fins. Dook me. I'm honored by the handshake. Now, regarding that crew you brough; down from San Francisco on the ora Maggle, Scraggs, they're a likely lot and will come in handy if times is as lively in Colombia as I figger they will be when we arrive there. Captain Scraggs, you will have your mate pipe the crew to muster and ascertain their feelin's on the subject of takin' a chance with Commodore Gibney. If they object to goin' further, we'll land 'em in l'anama an' pay 'em off as agreed. If they feel like followin' the Jolly Roger we'll give 'em the coast seaman's scale for a deep-water cruise and a five per cent bonus in case we turn a big trick." Captain Scraggs went at once on

deck. Ten minutes later he returned to report that the mate and the four seamen elected to stick by the ship.

"Bully boys," said the commodore "bully boys. I like that mate. He's a smart man and handles a gun well,



"Gentlemen and Brothers of the Syndicate," He Began.

While I should hesitate to take advantage of my prerogative as commodore to interfere with the normal workin's of the deck department, I trust that on this special occasion our es teemed navigatin' officer, Captain Scraggs, will not consider it beneath his dignity or an attack on his office if I suggest to him that he brew another kettle of grog for the crew." "Second the motion," replied Mc-

Guffey. "Carried," said Scraggs, and pro-

ceeded to heat some water. "Anything further?" stated the pres-

"How about uniforms?" This from

Captain Scraggs. "We'll leave that to Gib," suggested McGuffey. "He's been in the Colombian navy and he'll know just what to

get us." "Well, there's another thing that's got to be settled," continued Captain Scraggs. "If I'm to be navigatin' officer on the flagship of a furrin' fleet, strike me pink if I'll do more cookin' in the gailey. It's degradin'. I move that we engage some enterprisin' Ori-

"Carried," said Mr. Gibney. "Any further business?"

ental for that job."

Once more McGuffey stood up. "Gentemen and brothers of the syndicate." he began, "I'm satisfied that the backbitin', the scrappin', the petty jealousies and general cussedness that characterized our lives on the old Maggie will not be duplicated on the Maggie II. Therh vicious days is gone forever, I hope, an' from now on the motto of us three should be:

"All for one and one for all— United we stand, divided we fall." This earnest little speech, which came straight from the honest McGuffey's heart, brought the tears to the commodore's eyes. Under the inspiration of McGuffey's unselfish words the glasses were refilled and all three pledged their friendship anew. As for Captain Scraggs, he was naturally of a cold and selfish disposition, and Mc-Guffey's toast appealed more to his brain than to his heart. Had he known what was to happen to him in the days to come and what that simple little motto was to mean in his particular case, it is doubtful if he would have tossed off his liquor as gaily as he did.

The Maggie II sails for the South seas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Has One Good Point. Scribbler-"Do you find any merit in my poem?" Editor-"Well, it isn't very long."-Boston Transcript.

If a pair of shoes are too small they may fit a woman, but if they are too

## OF MISERY

Desolation Marks the Great Georgian Capital.

All Gayety and Prosperity Vanished With Introduction of the Bolshevik Influence.

Tiffis, Georgia, is today a city dreary by day, terrible by night. The last city of importance to come under the influence of the Bolshevik emblem of the hammer and the scythe, replacing the double-headed eagle of the empire, here are contrasted the happy old days of gayety and prosperity with the dull misery of the new regime.

At the railway station, on entering the city, the difference is seen and felt. Instead of swaggering guards in black boots, black long coats and flashing silver belts and swords, are seen a few Ill-dressed red soldiers, looking hungry and uncomfortable in ill-fitting clothes held together by a loose belt. Barefooted, dirty, white-faced, ragged boys clamor for a chance to carry baggage.

Peasant women and bourgeots women of the old regime stagger along under loads of baggage or packages of food and fruit brought from the country. Broken-down backs wait for fares, pulled by thin, underfed horses.

The streets are dirty and Ill-swept, full of holes. People wear clothes that seem to belong to another era. Here, where a

dozen tongues were spoken and where

100 tribes used to gather in the proud finery of their national costumes, all

is down at the heel. Women often go stockingless. Their shoes show signs of patches done over and over again until they are composed of patches only. Their skirts may be of old pieces of silk and theh jackets of military cloth, or even the black leather of aviator coats. Shawk have replaced hats.

The men civilians wear clothes that are a parody on shabby gentility. Their top boots are all top, the soles and heels long since worn away. All sorts of military odds and ends, from all the armies of Europe, contribute to their dress-khaki puttees, yellow leather jackets, British canvas trousers, French blue caps; United Stares

The stores are boarded up, for the most part, and when open only have a few bottles of French or Italian perfumes, and little else. A pair of American shoes of poor quality was seen in one window, marked 750,000 rubles, an incredible sum of money in a city where a monthly salary of a soviet employee is 3,000 to 5,000 rubles.

Small trading is done on the market place, where starving families sell off finery and jewelry which escaped the wrecks of their homes. These homes, once so comfortable and bountiful in hospitality, are cold for lack of fuel, dreary for lack of food, often curtainless, with here and there bullet marks on the outside walls. The toilets and baths are useless because the city water supply is cut off for lack of fuel,

The Red army of occupation has orders from Moscow to be "good" to Georgians and it is "good," yet its commanders go about with set, stern faces, as if the world was watching.

Cholera in summer, starvation in winter-this is the lot of Georgia.

Busiest Station in the World.

Twenty years ago Londoners, prout of the size of the city and the dimensions of its traffic, used to point to the fact that Clapham Junction was the busiest railway station in the worldon an average a train a minute passed through it. Now that record is doubled at the Underground station at Earl's court, where 120 trains an hour pass through during the rush hours, and at Charing Cross, with its three underground stations in one, there are often four and on an average three trains a minute. Twenty years ago, again, there were no motor omnibuses, and the horse onmibuses were but a fraction of their number. During the busiest hours today 640 omnibuses pass Charing Cross in the hour, 566 pass the bank, 542 pass Oxford Circus and 518 pass Piccadilly Circus. Omnibuses and underground trains carry 4,000,000 passengers a day. The population has increased less than 20 per cent since the beginning of the century, but for every journey in bus, tram, train, or cab people made then, they make between 30 and 40 today.

Put Liability on City.

In the Botanical gardens, Glasgow, belonging to the city, was a bed of specimen plants, including some belladonna. Children ate some of the bright purple berries of this, became ill, and one of them died. The father sued the city for damages on the ground that the death of his son was due to its fault.

The judge dismissed the suit, but this judgment was reversed on appeal. A further appeal was taken to the house of lords, which has just decided against the city. It holds that as the children were entitled to go where the shrub grew, that no warning was given to parents or guardians, and that the city authorities knew of the danger of the pretty but deadly berries, their presence might be considered a trap for the very young, and therefore the city was fully liable.

Regulating the Ratio.

"I have devised a motor that will run thirty miles to the gallon," exclaimed the inventor.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Dusin Stax. "This announcement will justify an immediate increase in the price of gas."

culty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert P. Gib-ney, likable, but erratic, a man whem nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper, Nells Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the forecastle hands, and Bart Mcthe forecastie hands, and Bart Mc-Guffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room. With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens; the Maggie goes ashore in a for. A passing vessel hailing the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tugs succeed in pulling the Two tags succeed in pulling the Maggie into deep water, and she slipe her tow lines and gets away in the fog. Furious at the deception practiced on them, Captains Hicks and Flaherty, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the "Yankee Prince" and, fearing ridicule should the facts become known along the water front, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie results in Captain Scraggs premising to get a new boller and make needed repairs to the steamer. Screggs refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey "strike" With marvelous luck, Scraggs ships a fresh crew. At the and of a few days of wild conviviality Gibney and McGuffey are stranded and seek their old positions on the Maggie. They are hostilely received, but remain. On their way to San Francisco they sight a derelict and Gibney and McGuffey swim to it. The derelict proves to be the Chesa-peake, richly laden, its entire crew stricken with scurvy. Scraggs at-tempts to tow her in, but the Maggle is unequal to the task and Gib-ney and McGuffey, alone, sail the to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to \$1,000 apiece. His crew having deserted him, Captain Scraggs induces them to return. At an "old horse" sale he three purchase two mysterious boxes which they believe to con-tain smuggled "Oriental goods." They find, instead, two dead Chinamen. Scraggs seeks to "double Gibney outwits him and makes a satisfactory financial settlement with the Chinese company to whom the bodies have been con-

> CHAPTER IX-Continued. -10-

combat ensues.

signed, leaving Scraggs out in the

without consulting him, and after

a terrific wordy combat the three

separate, McGuffey becoming as-

sistant engineer on an oil tanker.

Gibney disappearing, and Scraggs,

forced to lay up the Maggie, takes

a subordinate position on a ferry

steamer. Senor Lopez, Mexican revolutionist, makes Scraggs a gen-

erous offer for transportation of

Scraggs accepts, and the old Mag-

gle is once more put into commis-

sien. Arriving at his destination,

Scraggs finds his old companion,

Mr. Gibney, is the consignee. Time

having softened animosities, the re-

union is joyful. Gibney plans to

steal the ammunition and convey

it to revolutionists in Colombia. On

Mexican gunboat and a terrific

way they are attacked by

dibney resents McGuffey's on in lending money to Scraggs

As the first muzzle burst raked the Mexican Captain Scraggs saw that most of the terrible blast of lead had gone too high. Nevertheless, it was effective, for to a man the crews of the one-pounders deserted their posts and tumbled below; seeing which the individual in command lost his nerve. He was satisfied now that the infernal Maggie purposed ramming him; he had marveled that the fillbuster should use shrapnel, after she had ranged with shell (he did not know it was percussion shrapnel) and in sudden panic he decided that the Maggie, mortally wounded, purposed getting close enough to sink him with shell-fire if she failed to ram him; whereupon the yellow streak came through and he waved his arms frantically above his head in token of surrender.

"She's hauled down her rag," shricked Scraggs. "Be merciful, Gib. There's men dyin' on that boat."

"Lay alongside that craft," Mr. Gibney shouted to the helmsman. The schooner had hove to and when the Maggie also hove to some thirty yards to windward of her Mr. Gibney informed the Mexican, in atrocious Spanish well mixed with English, that if the latter so much as lifted his little finger he might expect to be sunk like a dog. "Down below, everybody but the helmsman, or I'll sweep your decks with another muzzle burst," he

thundered. The Mexican obeyed and Captain Scraggs went up in the pilot house and laid the terribly battered Maggie alongside the schooner. The instant she touched, Mr. Gibney sprang aboard, quickly followed by Captain Scraggs, who had relinquished the helm to his first mate.

Suddenly Captain Scraggs shouted. Look, Gib, for the love of the Lord, look!" and pointed with his finger. At the head of the little iron-railed companion-way leading down into the engine room a man was standing. He the world. She's called the Reina interest to date. An' don't tell me that exception of me and Gib. The pres- large she has a fit.